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THE EUROPEAN WAR.

THE TRIBUNE is the only newspaper in the United States fully represented by Special Correspondents with both Prussian and French armies and at the leading battle-places; and is the only paper receiving full special dispatches. Thus far, the Tribune's dispatches have been used in an unimpaired form, by the New-York Herald, World, Times and Sun. Yesterday they were so used by the New-York Herald and Sun.

CAPTURE OF A PRUSSIAN OUTPOST.

FRENCH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT—THE EMPEROR DIRECTING OPERATIONS—THE NOBLE INFANT'S "BAPTISM OF FIRE."

PARIS, Tuesday, Aug. 2—Evening.

An official dispatch from Metz announces that today, at 11 o'clock in the morning, the French had a "serious" engagement with the Prussians, and gives the following particulars:

"Our army took the offensive, crossed the frontier, invaded the territory of Prussia, and in spite of the numbers and position of the enemy, a few of our battalions were sufficient to carry the heights which overlook Saarbrück, and our artillery was not slow to drive the enemy from the town. The loss of our troops was so great that our losses were slight. The engagement began at 11 o'clock and ended at 12."

The Emperor assisted at the operations, and the Prince Imperial, who accompanied him everywhere, received on the first field of battle his baptism of fire. His presence of mind and sang froid in danger were worthy of the name he bears. The Emperor returned to Metz at 4 p. m.

THE ATTITUDE OF ENGLAND.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT—THE PUBLIC DISCUSSION OF THE WAR QUESTION DEPRECIATED BY EARL GRANVILLE—HOW THE BRITISH TROOPS ARE ARMED—WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

LONDON, Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1870.

In the House of Lords, to-day, Earl Russell moved the second reading of the bill amending the Militia Act. He spoke at some length in review of the condition of foreign affairs, and said the Government requires full defensive powers. The intrigues and perils upon the Continent are due to uncertainty as to the course to be pursued by England. In his opinion, we need only to declare for the enforcement of the treaties, whereupon half the danger would vanish, for neither of the warring Powers courts the hostility of England. Only in this manner could Antwerp be saved.

Earl Granville lamented the noble Lord's palpable lack of confidence in the Government. A week ago he had fully sustained it, and the speaker knew of nothing that had since occurred that could properly alter his intention. While fully sensible as to our obligations to Belgium, Earl Granville considered it needless and injudicious to discuss them with this publicity. Last week, he continued, the noble Lord approved the course of the Ministers, and was ready to back them up. The change in his position was irrational and inexcusable.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a question put by Mr. Harcourt, said he was unable to submit the correspondence of the late Earl of Clarendon urging disarmament upon the Powers. It was inexpedient even to repeat its purport. He thought however that either France or Prussia might properly do so. Baron Brunow said Mr. Gladstone three weeks ago proposed the signing of a protocol by the Powers recognizing the renunciation of the Spanish crown by the Prince of Hohenzollern, but he did so personally and informally, leaving the initiative to England. On July 19, when it was entirely too late, the proposition was formally repeated; but even then it was supposed the renunciation would satisfy France, whom England had vainly sought to withdraw her demand upon Prussia. Further remonstrance now can only exasperate either Government, and the only course for England is to seek a safe opportunity for renewed efforts in favor of peace.

Mr. Olney, Under-Secretary of State, presented to the House the treaties and guarantees for the neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg.

Mr. Cardwell, Secretary for War, in answering a question, said all the British regiments, except one in India, are armed with the Snider rifle, while of the militia and volunteers, some have the breech-loaders.

On the proposition of the Government to enlist 20,000 additional regulars a discussion arose. Sir W. Lawson urged that now was the time for the intervention of England to secure peace between France and Prussia. Sir J. Pakington followed in support of the proposal of the Ministry, and in his remarks urged the importance of its adoption in view of the present weakness of the country. The subject was then dropped.

Extreme activity is noticed in the English ports and dock-yards, and extensive preparations are being made to put the coast defenses in a condition to resist attack.

THE EVACUATION OF ROME.

THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF THE ROMAN ARMY AT MARSEILLES.

PARIS, Tuesday, August 2, 1870.

Advices from Rome this morning state that the French chasseurs left Civita Vecchia yesterday, and that the Italian Government is concentrating an army on the Roman frontier.

The first detachment of French troops from Rome arrived at Marseilles to-day.

INCREASE OF THE ITALIAN ARMY—THE ITALIANS TO ENTER ROME WHEN THE FRENCH WITHDRAW.

FLORENCE, Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1870.

In conformity with the decision of a council of Generals, held on the 29th ult., the effective force of the Italian army is being rapidly raised to 120,000 men. A camp of 30,000 is established between Mantua and Verona, and two camps of observation are forming on the Piedmont frontier.

It is said to be the intention of the Italian Government to enter Rome as soon as the French army withdraws, on the plea of protection. Gen. Kaucher, Papal Minister of War, is preparing a camp of observation in the Province of Viterbo.

FRENCH REPORTS.

THE GERMAN ROMAN CATHOLICS ADVERSE TO PRUSSIA—THE EMPEROR'S USE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

PARIS, Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1870.

Though the religious element plays little or no part in the present war, the sentiment of the Catholic populations in neutral countries is adverse to Prussia; and by some fervid Roman Catholics, the advance of the French army is regarded in the light of a crusade. Among the chaplains in the French army there are only nine Protestant and three Israelitish clergymen.

The Emperor since he has been with the army has kept one telegraph wire constantly busy with his correspondence with the Empress.

The wearing of the shako is to be discontinued in the French army.

The women of France are sending immense quantities of bedding and hospital furniture to the army. Nine hundred surgical students have gone to the front.

PRUSSIAN REPORTS.

KING WILLIAM AT MAYENCE—ENTHUSIASTIC POPULAR DEMONSTRATION ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1870.

King William arrived at Mayence this morning, with several members of his staff, and received enthusiastic reports from the three Army Corps on the French frontier. No news of any important en-

engagement had been received, but the advices show that skirmishes are becoming more frequent.

The scene on the departure of King William from the seat of war on Sunday evening was extraordinary. The King rode from the Palace to the railway-station in an open carriage with the Queen. He wore a short military cloak, and his helmet was placed on the seat by his side. The carriage was surrounded, followed, and frequently stopped by an immense multitude, wild with emotion, shouting farewells and benedictions. The houses were hung with flags and festooned with flowers. At the railway-station arches were erected and patriotic inscriptions displayed. The Queen, weeping, parted from the King with repeated embraces. When His Majesty, from the platform of the railway-car, finally saluted the crowd, the scene was indescribable. The people were frenzied with enthusiasm. The entire Court, ladies and all, mingled with the crowd, and participating in its emotion, surrounded the old soldier and bid him good-by with every demonstration of loyalty and devotion. Count von Bismarck and Gen. Moltke and Von Roon were present, and were repeatedly cheered.

The Deutsche Bank of this city offers to receive and disburse collections of money made in America for the benefit of wounded soldiers.

ENGLISH REPORTS.

NO WAR NEWS IN THE LONDON PAPERS YESTERDAY—CAUSE OF THE PRUSSIAN DELAY.

LONDON, Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1870.

The war news this morning in this city is meager and unimportant, the London journals appearing without a word from the rival armies on the Rhine. Advices received since from the Prussian headquarters report that scouting parties and skirmishers from both armies were continually making raids into the enemy's territory, but it was believed this was more to accustom the troops to the sight and fire of the enemy than for any other purpose.

The impression prevails here that the arrival of the French fleet in the Baltic Sea alone prevented the Prussian advance through France to Paris.

THE NEUTRAL POWERS.

RUSSIA AND THE "SICK MAN"—AN ITALIAN OPINION OF ENGLAND'S POSITION—AUSTRIAN ARMING.

LONDON, Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1870.

It is reported here that Russia indignantly repudiates the design with which she has been charged, of taking advantage of the war in Europe to invade the Danubian Principalities.

The Opinions of Florence say England, though she remains neutral, declines to enter into engagements with other Powers for the preservation of neutrality. The statement in the *Nuove* yesterday that England had joined Italy and Austria in an alliance of neutrality, was premature.

A Vienna dispatch states that the Austrian Government is concentrating an army of 60,000 men to watch the Bohemian frontier.

It is said that there is entire harmony between Denmark and Sweden in the matter of the Franco-Prussian war.

THE PRESS ON THE SITUATION.

CAUSE OF THE DELAY IN MILITARY MOVEMENTS—THE ALLEGED INFERIORITY OF THE CHAMPION—FEARS OF A FAMINE ON THE CHAMPION.

LONDON, Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1870.

The Times this morning has a long editorial on the prospect. The writer thinks the delay in military movements on both sides is to be ascribed to the demoralization of the troops from having been moved by rail. The French were also delayed on account of the hesitation of the South German States, and are now necessarily confined to the narrow gorge of the Saar Valley. In fact, the entire preconceived plan of the Emperor has been altered by unforeseen circumstances of this sort, and he has yet, probably, to form a new one.

The Times also argues that the arm of the French, the Champs-Élysées, on account of the likelihood of its fouling speedily, will be found to be infinitely less efficient than the needle gun, and the difference in this respect will possibly be sufficient to govern the result of the war.

The presence of the armies on the frontiers of France and the Rhish provinces of Prussia has given rise to serious apprehension of a famine there. The *Opinion Nationale* of Paris says in this connection that in order to avoid impoverishing the theater of the war the Emperor draws his supplies from a distance by railroad.

The *Fall Mall Gazette* estimates that the Prussian army on the frontier now numbers 500,000 men.

The *Paris Figaro* announces to-day, that the French Government has refused permission to Lieut.-Gen. P. H. Sheridan, to accompany the French army.

The correspondent of *The Independent* *Belge*, writing from Metz, asserts that the first great battle will be fought on Saturday or Sunday next, or Monday at the farthest. He underscores the sentence following, namely: "This is sure."

LETTERS FROM WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ANXIETY OF ENGLAND.

THE ATTITUDE OF GREAT BRITAIN—THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PEOPLE—ANXIETY ABOUT AMERICAN SYMPATHIES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LONDON, July 21.—We shall know, officially, next week what the English Government has been saying and doing to avert the war. Meantime I will not speculate, but I am bound to record the opinion I hear so often expressed that the Cabinet has shown anything but a firm front in presence of the aggressive and insolent spirit of France. I am sorry to have to say—sorry because my sympathies are with the Liberals—that the only statesmanlike and energetic utterance in Parliament has been that of Mr. Disraeli. He, in questioning the Government, showed a capacity for dealing with a great question of war and peace, such as Mr. Gladstone in replying failed wholly to show. I was not in the House that night, but I am told that when Mr. Gladstone came in, knowing he was to be questioned, he seemed utterly overwhelmed and even depressed, whether from extreme fatigue, or illness, or what other cause I don't know. In replying he stammered and hesitated in a way that was a painful contrast to the firm dignity and impressive manner of Mr. Disraeli. When he had concluded he sank back on the front bench, covered his eyes with his hat, and before long was fast asleep. I presume fatigue had much to do with it, and indeed illness has since kept him two days away from the House.

Not less lamentable was the failure of the Government to contradict publicly the extraordinary statement of the Duc de Gramont, in the French Chamber, to the effect that the sympathy of the English Government had been avowed on the side of France, and against Prussia. That statement was not true, yet Mr. Gladstone dared not, or would not, say it was not true. Lord Granville was a little bolder, afterward. Challenged by Lord Russell, he ventured to say that when the documents came to be published, it would be found that his Lord Granville's original attitude could not be found contradicted by the fact. Interestingly, that is equivalent to saying the Duc de Gramont's affirmation would be contradicted, but it is a poor compensation for the outspoken denial people hungered and thirsted to hear. The diplomatic reticence which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville felt themselves bound to observe gave the French Ministry an advantage they were not slow to improve. Their organs cried out, "It is as we said. You did give us your support. You do not deny it when challenged?" Now the fact was otherwise, but what answer remained?

It was left for the English Press to do the duty which the Government lacked nerve for. I think it utterly humiliating, that when a brigand, on a powerful throne, begins a great war without a shadow

of pretext, with insolent defiance of public opinion, and for the most purely selfish, dynastic ends—utterly humiliating. I say, that there should be no other Power in Europe, except the great nation he has insulted, to rebuke his arrogance and to say officially what all Christendom think. England might well have done it. I half believe Mr. Disraeli would have done it. Mr. Gladstone, master as he is of home politics, feels too heavily the responsibility of a decision on foreign affairs. He is morbidly anxious to keep on good terms with everybody. So it was left for the Press to speak, and I rejoice to say the Press did speak, with a unanimity and a force that made it heard with respect all over Europe. The Imperial Court of France went mad with rage and resentment. Napoleon had counted on the subservience of most of the London journals—as on many of them he had only too good reason to count. They had leaped strongly toward him and away from Prussia when the Hohenzollern business first became known. So far they are responsible, and more responsible than the Government, which had been at least impartial, and had, I am confident, said and done nothing during the first week to encourage the Emperor with a hope of support, moral or material. But no journal anticipated that war was to be forced on, regardless of the withdrawal of Prince Leopold. When they discovered that the Emperor had made up his mind to disgrace Prussia or fight her, the English Press launched a protest worthy of its best days and its most honorable fame.

The *Times* took the lead, declaring that the greatest national crime since the days of the first French Empire had been committed; that the war was the act of one man in France, and that it is difficult to conceive what infatuation can have committed the Emperor Napoleon to a course which is as impolitic as it is criminal. For days this tone was kept up, but I suppose some access of virtue was too overpowering to continue long. Yesterday the same journal turned one of its usual corners. It is now of opinion that it is useless to inquire into the origin of a war once begun. It has "eased its conscience"—that is its phrase—by condemning once for all the conduct of the Emperor, and inside that Parliament ought to keep itself free from the appearance of taking a side, that hope of future influence by way of mediation ought to induce England to hold its tongue for the present, and so on.

The *Daily News*, I am glad to say, does not change sides so quickly. With an ability and boldness equally remarkable, it has exposed and denounced the gigantic crime of him whom it was lately the fashion to talk of as "England's nearest ally." The Press well-represented the public feeling at the first announcement of war. It is not merely general, it may almost be called unanimous. At any rate, I have not met one man of any degree or rank, or any shade of politics, who did not condemn the Emperor, and express more or less sympathy with Prussia, coupled with a conviction of the justice of her cause. England looks on Germany as a great power forced to go to war in self-defense against a jealous and unscrupulous neighbor.

And that brings me to a remark, or rather question, which I have heard a good many times: "Will not the Americans sympathize with France simply because we, the English, sympathize with Prussia?" I have always answered that I was sure my countrymen would not do anything so childish, so unworthy of a self-respecting nation, so completely unjust to a friendly people, millions of whom are also citizens of the United States; above all, if they are to be governed by sympathies I am sure they will not forget that during our war the Emperor of the French was the most bitter and persistent enemy we had in Europe; that it was he who urged England to recognize the Confederacy; and that he would have done that shameless act could he have persuaded England to join him, and was ready, moreover, to have given material as well as moral support to the Rebellion. We have not forgotten Mexico, I said, nor the Rebel iron-clads built in French ports. Nor have forgotten that we are Republicans, and that the Emperor, who has wantonly begun this wicked war, is the most guilty foe to Republican principles. We have not forgotten the *comp d'état*, with its bloody crimes. We have not forgotten the noble men whom he exiled, and who are still in exile. Nor have we forgotten that during our war Prussia was our steadfast friend through good and evil fortune. If less conspicuously for us than Russia, she was not less faithful; and I have told to my English questioners the story of part of my conversation with Count Bismarck in 1860, related at the time in *THE TRIBUNE*. I had from his own lips the cordial declaration of his good will to America and of his unchanging faith in our success. He told me how often the Tory faction in Prussia pressed him to take some step for the acknowledgment of the Confederacy. "Never" was his uniform answer. "The friendship between the United States and Prussia is traditional. It is as old as the Union, and dates from the days of our great Frederick. I will never do an act to impair a friendship I value so much." He kept his word. The statesman who has made Germany a free, united nation, was as wise for us as he was for himself. He talked much of the intimate relations that must exist between two countries that had so much in common, so many citizenships in common, such constant interchange of ideas, each so influential to the other. There was the stamp of sincerity on all he said. Indeed, he had already proved that by his acts. Are we going to requite that loyal good will of an unflinching friend by shaking hands with the treacherous assassin who was our worst enemy? I don't believe it.

Somebody who signs himself an American has been writing a letter to *The Telegraph* to say that we shall do just what I have affirmed we shall not because of its childish folly and stupid bad faith. I have no doubt that he is right. But let that letter than this, further reminder proves how curiously strong is the interest here to know which side we shall take, in America.

A not less remarkable illustration of the attitude of the British Government toward Napoleon is its refusal to allow any officer of the British army, whether on half pay or whole pay, to join the Prussian Headquarters as a newspaper correspondent. The *Times* wanted to send Capt. Hozier, the very able writer who described the Salado campaign for that journal—one of the best pieces of newspaper work ever done. The Prussian generals, unlike the French, are quite willing, and even desirous that authorized correspondents should accompany them. The English military authorities did not object. "But Her Majesty's Government," says *The Times*, "appear to have been seized with a sudden alarm lest the pen of a soldier should give an *adieu* to Prussian victories which the pen of a French excess, supposing such to be committed, which would excite the susceptibilities of the French nation," and it was actually made a Cabinet question, and the Cabinet decided to refuse permission, in the fear lest the French Emperor might take M. M. Gladstone and Mr. Cardwell are understood to be the authors of this amazing resolution, and they are not spared by the powerful journal they have offended. The *Times* remarks, and no doubt truthfully, that "the Emperor Napoleon would have been the very last person to object, and this officious proceeding of the Cabinet has only afforded a proof of servility which will be quite lost on the great personage whom it was intended to conciliate." From a journal which has been a faithful supporter of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, that is pretty strong language, but it is as just as it is strong. With all my admiration for Mr. Gladstone's talents, I cannot but admit that there is a streak of baseness in him. It has been shown before on the very question of England's relations with France.

Indeed, the course of the Government shows how far they are from appreciating the general feeling of

the people. Here is a Cabinet half sympathizing with France, or letting people suppose that it does, which is as bad, while it is true of the whole nation, just as it was true of the English working classes during our war, that their opinions and feelings are all the other way. Reason the more why we should not be deluded. Our quarrel was and is yet with the Government of Great Britain. Now if the attitude of that Government is to have an influence upon our sympathies, let us remember at least that the great popular classes, who were our friends throughout our struggle, are to-day just as strongly and with just as good reason the friends of Prussia. G. W. S.

THE FRENCH UPRISING.

EXCITING SCENES IN PARIS—THE FRENCH ENTHUSIASM COMPARED TO THAT OF THE NORTH AFTER THE FALL OF SUMNER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, July 22.—For a day or two back there has been an apparent lull in the gathering storm of war, but it is merely superficial and shows intense absorption in the great event of the day, not that the public mind is cooling in its fervor. I have been a spectator during one great war, which was popular if ever a war was popular, and comparing what I am seeing now with what I saw at home, I cannot for a moment doubt that in throwing down the glove to Prussia the Government had, and knew it had, the vast body of the people at its back, and that it could not have kept the peace if it had wished it ever so much. I believe those who say that the Emperor was averse to the war are mistaken. It is true that his health is in a wretched state, and that the excitement of carrying on a war at this time is a thing he may dread; and it is true that in real, sober earnest he did try, some two or three years ago, to bring about a disarmament, but it is also true that the Emperor knows, or believes he knows, that Bismarck had fully made up his mind, in case the prohibitive went against the Government, to make a move fatal to the interest of France which, yet, she would be powerless to resist. Since he was convinced of this, the Emperor has been determined to fight, and there are those who say that the Prussian candidatures are entirely a scheme of the Emperor and Prim's invention, and that it is Prussia that has been duped into giving France the excuse she wanted for fighting. There may be no truth in this, but it was said, yesterday, by a person, whose name I cannot mention, and who ought to know something of what is going on, as he is inside the door. What is certain is, that communications between the Emperor and Prim are constant; that there is a powerful faction here urging a movement in Spain in favor of the Prince of the Asturias, and that ammunition of a very effective kind is being prepared in great quantities in view of that event. It is also evident from the revelations of the last few days that the reasons given for declaring war were pure and simple fabrications. The alleged interview between the King of Prussia and Benedetti at Ems, the refusal of the King to hear what the French Ambassador had to say, the King's sending an aide-de-camp to dismiss the Ambassador, and lastly, the dispatching of telegrams to the different Prussian Embassies to tell them beforehand of the insult the King intended to offer France—all these stories are inventions that, having served their turn, will soon be acknowledged for the falsehoods as gross exaggerations that they are. They were merely the matches which the hand of Napoleon applied to the fiery heart of France. Any stick or straw is food enough for a pinch to carry fire.

But, if Napoleon wished for an explosion ever so ardently, he must have been astonished beyond measure at the result of his maneuvers to bring it on. I have only seen one thing like it, and that was the excitement in New-York at the news of the firing upon Sumner. Yet, even then, was less than this. For, there, there were men whose hearts did not beat with ours, there were voices silent, there were feet that held back. But here the men who do not hate Prussia, the men who do not leap at the chance of fighting her, are few and far between. Almost all the hatreds are forgotten, and the hatred is buried with unanimity to be dug up at a more convenient day. There is a prodigious surface enthusiasm for the war, but, below this boiling there is a deep, strong, resistless current sweeping all before it, bearing on the nation to the supreme hour that will for a long time decide its destiny. Only one thing now can stop France in her bloodthirsty course, and that is the Emperor's death. If the gout in his thigh, which, for the last two days, has kept him at St. Cloud, should mount a little higher, the scene would undergo a mighty transformation; but that is a mere chance. To-day he is at the Tuileries again, and we are assured that he will go to Nancy to-morrow. All that can be said is that this is one of the times when events hang upon a hair.

Whoever was in Paris last Sunday night, and on the Boulevard, saw a sight never to be forgotten. A regiment of Zouaves left for the frontier, and all Paris was on the war path with them. I happened to be just entering the Place de la Concorde as they came across the Bridge, and getting a good place by the side of a drummer, with the trumpet of the man in his rear platted comfortably in my left ear, I found myself, before I knew it, borne along like a chip in a freshet. There was no going back even if I had wanted to, and I can't say I did want to. The square was well enough, but when the crowd tried to squeeze itself into the Rue Royale, I thought we were going to have the massacre of 1790 over again. Any one who had tried to stop to tie his shoe, let us say, would never have wanted to tie his shoes any more! From wall to wall was a solid pavement of human heads, and out every head came a shout, the shout not the hymn of the Marseillaise! When we reached the wider Boulevard, things were a little better, but not much, for we were merely a black river emptying into a black sea, and our wave soon mingled indistinguishably with the vaster flood. The sidewalks were crowded, the street was crowded, and every window was filled with people cheering, shouting, singing, and waving handkerchiefs. No omnibus nor cab had a ghost of a chance. Many escaped down side streets, but the greater party drew up in line along one side of the Boulevard, and waited, the crowd meanwhile taking advantage of the occasion, and swarming over omnibuses, cabs, and horses like ants over apple cores. The confusion was indescribable, for different sets of people were singing different airs, and the "Marseillaise," "Mourir pour la Patrie," the "Chant du Départ," and "Les Lampions," got so mixed up that it was all a roar through which you could only now and then hear a trumpet-blast, or a rattling drum, or the cry of "Vive la guerre!" "A bas la Prusse!" and rarely, very rarely, "Vive l'Empereur!"

The regiment was in luck last night, for the crowd was ready to give "any thing." Money was showered at them by handfuls, and some old fellows audaciously managed to get on the outside and thus grabbed more than their share. It was a sight to remember more than a life, and I was even glad, after living a year all one's life, to draw a free draught of the stifling air of Paris to draw a free draught of the popular enthusiasm for something like a hair-raising man, I didn't just now much care what it was called—was something.

A different sight had been the going off of a regiment of chasseurs that same morning, early. I heard the music as I sat in my cyrie chamber, the men stepping out on the balcony, saw the men filing down the narrow rue Bellechasse. The soldiers down the street; the sidewalks were filled with young men, arms locked, singing the Marseillaise, and music of life and trumpet, mixed with the chant of voices, came striking up between the high-walled houses. In the midst went the stout vivandiers, dressed in her best; no holiday now for her, but work in earnest, and mixed with the soldiers their mothers, wives, and lovers, keeping step and time. By one soldier went his wife, leading the little boy in her left hand, and in the other bearing the wo-

white-capped babe that sucked its thumb and leaped to hear the music. My God, it brought back such a rush of memories, and so many bitter sighs at home that I am not ashamed to say my eyes were wet. How hateful seemed the ambition then that could, with a light heart, such as Olivier boasts of, send these men in troops to the shambles.

The signs of war are everywhere. In the street in every direction and at every minute you meet squads of men who are going to the recruiting office, drunk, sometimes reeling, never sober, shouting the Marseillaise or Mourir pour la patrie. Then you meet a cab full of fellows in like condition, always in charge of the officer or civilian who has picked them out, and there they are, lolling and tumbling about, shouting, yelling, all day and far into the night on their way to the Dépôt des Recrutement, where they are to be sold at so much a head. The addition to the army during the last few days must have been enormous; there seems just now no difficulty whatever in getting all the men that are wanted. I was at the Dépôt des Recrutement yesterday, and the sight was a strange one. The building was literally besieged by new comers, while those who had been accepted were getting drunker and drunker in the wine-shops, as seated with their wives and women, parents and children at tables set in the middle of the street, while the sidewalks were almost impassable for the excited people gathered there.

I was after help for a drowned soldier, if help could be got in time. They had fished him up just as I crossed the Pont d'Alme in a cab, and I told the cocher to rattle away to the nearest "secours." We had to get as we best could through the crowd of recruits, and make our way to a police-station, which I left with a sergeant de ville on the box and another by my side in an open cab, so that I had all the honors of arrest without its dangers. Reaching the quay, we found ourselves too late, and indeed, the man was dead when they pulled him out feet first. I was struck with the quiet belief expressed that he had committed suicide. He didn't want to fight the *Juiferies*, said my cocher. But the truth is, I think, that he was tangled in the water-wheel, which was so thick there that it showed above the water. One of his soldier comrades pushed him and tried to save him, and on the bank was his woman who guarded his clothes, and who took on most distractedly. But affliction has various forms, and while I stood by pitying, she fumbled over his clothes, and felt in all the pockets—finally found his vest with his silver watch and chain, took it out with most heart-breaking sobs and cries, put it carefully in her pocket, boxed the ears of two heartless little wretches who were making a search for stray valuables on their own account, and then rushed over to the boat where the poor fellow lay and demanded to see his body. I left her struggling with the policemen, who were doing their best to keep her away from her *peu de gargon*, but without success. Several of the soldiers have been prostrated with the heat, and several have died, but they are a tough-looking, rough-looking lot, and can stand a deal.

Night before last we had a great demonstration at the opera. It was rumored about during the day that Marie Sass was to sing the Marseillaise, and the rush for seats was furious. Thanks to a friend, I secured a ticket by going in with him to the managerial sanctum, and he pleaded heroically for his American confrère. The excellent old ticket-seller shook her finger at me as she handed me my prize, declaring that it was a *prétérition*, which looked likely, as I heard her assuring the hands that kept poking good places through the ticket-holes that there were no places left. The Salle was crowded long before the curtain rose on the *Maître de Forêt*, and there was not even standing room at the beginning of the third act—the Manager having come out and promised us the Marseillaise at the end of it. Those who know say that it is rare to see such a meeting of the high social world of Paris. In a stage box was M. de Gramont, with M. de la Gironnière, and in a box next the Emperor's empty one the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy, the once lovely and even now handsome Anna Murat. In the foyer I saw Emile de Girardin and Paul de Cassagnac, having a seat in the same row with me. I had the pleasure at the beginning and end of every Act to be squeezed by that noble personage in his efforts to get his chair. I watched him closely while the hymn was intoning, and there was something worth noting in his perfect immobility in the midst of the delirium of the crowd. For Paul de Cassagnac is at this moment the hero of the war in the Imperial circle, and means blood. He is deeply in earnest, and enjoys the hour like a tiger. A few months ago he was hissed and insulted at the theatre; a few days ago he was cheered as wildly in the streets by the same crowd, and to do him justice, he seemed to care as much for one as the other. Marie Sass could not sing, for she was too much excited, and if she had she could not have been heard, for everybody was doing his best to out-sing her; but she made the gestures, and that was something. She was dressed most absurdly—she is fat as Albion, and homely as her name—in a white sort of make-believe Greek dress, with an immense blue velvet mantle covered over with Napoleon's bees! The force of sobriety and lick-spittle could not further go, for what, in Heaven's name, has the Marseillaise to do with the Napoleons? However, this may prove itself some day, and it may be found that the Marseillaise is easier to let loose than it is to chain up. C. C.

FROM PARIS TO METZ.

SCENES ON THE ROUTE—THE EMPEROR AND THE CHIEF COMMAND.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

METZ, July 18.—The signs of war in Paris, which your regular correspondent will doubtless have fully described, were less evident at the *Chemin de Fer du Nord Station* this morning than anywhere else. There was, indeed, a company of soldiers with piled-up arms in the court-yard as I entered, but beyond this and one or two officers writing hurried letters at the neighboring café, there were no signs of the coming strife. I got off without any difficulty, although the ordinary traffic has been in great measure suspended, in order to facilitate the transport of troops to the frontier. We took in our cargo of soldiers, some 50 or 60, and the train moved off without any show of enthusiasm from the bystanders. At Soissons our soldiers treated us to the "Marseillaise" in loud and fierce choirs. A month ago a soldier who had been caught singing Rouget de Lisle's noble tune would have soon found himself in a "compagnie de discipline" in Africa, compared to which, let me tell your readers, Sing-Sing is a paradise. A reinforcement of soldiers arrived at Soissons, some with saddles under their arms, and all looking as if the fate of France depended on their individual exertions. Another detachment joined us at a place called Reims, between Laon and Rheims. Here an incident, which was not only ridiculous, but which might have had unpleasant consequences, took place. There was such a crowd in the train that two soldiers, being unable to find places in the second-class carriages, in which their "faucilles de combat" authorized them to travel, got into my carriage. They had not been scared a minute before they began to regard my correspondent with suspicious eyes, and he soon had the pleasure of hearing one say to the other: "Volla un Prussien!" Fortunately they contented themselves with staring, and did not do unto my representative as they will soon do unto the Prussians—by no means. An offer of a cigar and a pull from my flask, accompanied by a proposal to drink to "à la belle Prusse," soon changed the aspect of affairs. The train carried us through a pretty country, the lating and well-wooded, in every direction, and it was sad to think that in a few days the fertile fields would have their produce trampled down by the march of the contending armies. At a small station

soon after Rheims, we saw a sad sight. Some 50 soldiers who had been to their homes on *congé* or leave, were assembled in order to board our train and join their respective regiments; the men themselves were cheery enough, and struggled and fought for places in the second-class carriages. But their parents and friends did not seem, by any means, so happy. They looked (several hundred in number) over the rails which kept them from the platform, and now and then tried to exchange a joke with the soldiers in the cars. But it did not do. They knew that but too many of the merry fellows who were laughing and joking would never come back to their native village at all, and these who did would be crippled. We ran on to Mézières, where we received the disagreeable news that all trains to our destination, Metz, were stopped for the day, by order of the War-Office, and that we could only go on to-morrow at 4: